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Editor Miramichi Advance, Chatham, N.B.

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Our Stock of General Hardware is complete in every branch and too numerous to mention.
All persons requiring goods in our line will save money by calling on us, as they will find our prices away down below the lowest, prove this by calling.
The COGGIN HARDWARE STORE, CHATHAM.

HIS MAJESTY'S PORTRAIT.

Mr. Luke Fields, R.A., Is Now at Work On It.

As was announced some time ago, Mr. Luke Fields, R.A., is the fortunate artist selected to paint the official portrait of his Majesty the King, and now this all-important work is in hand, with a view, doubtless, of its being ready in time for the Coronation, says London Answers.

The studio of Mr. Fildes' beautiful home in the Melbury Road, Kensington, is, to use a common phrase, "fit for a king." Here his Majesty will find innumerable objects of interest which will not fail to appeal to his artistic tastes, and during the moments of "resting" in the course of a "sitting" these will be enthusiastically dilated upon.

The studio is one of the biggest in London, and, though not so large as the late Lord Leighton's, it is, if anything, more commodious, for the late President's painting-room always seemed to have a very crowded appearance.

The great throne, where the sitter is posed in front of the painter's easel, is at the far end of the room. Every conceivable item likely to conduce to the ease and comfort of the sitter is to be found.

"His Majesty, the King will sit to-day." The artist is apprised of this important fact, together with the time of his Majesty's arrival. Everything is in readiness in the studio; the canvas is on the easel, the painter's palette, colors, and brushes are at hand. With royal punctuality, an unpretentious-looking brougham will drive up to Mr. Fildes' residence, and the artist receives the King to the

MOMENT ARRANGED FOR.

A flight of stairs leads to the studio, and here the King will stay for any time between half an hour to an hour, according as his engagements permit. Much, of course, depends upon the light, so the time selected for a royal visit is generally about noon. Whilst the artist is at work the King will genially chat away on topics principally concerning the art of which the painter is so distinguished a representative, for the King possesses an excellent eye for a good picture, and will discuss its points with the keenest of critics.

When it is not convenient for his Majesty to visit the artist, the royal Academician will go to Marlborough House, or wherever the King may be. A special room is set apart—and there are many such in the various royal residences—where a light may be obtained corresponding as near as possible with that of the artist's studio.

Court photographers will tell you that their very best sitters are to be found amongst the members of our own royal family. They never seem to tire, though they are frequently "taken" in no fewer than a dozen different positions at a single sitting. It might be mentioned that the Queen is regarded as probably the most patient of all, her Majesty's favorite photo being one taken some years ago, wearing a bonnet and a rose fastened on a velvet bow at the neck.

Saccharine is so sweet that one part in 10,000 of water is easily tasted.

The..... Pomeroy Affair

I.

I stood at the window of my poor little meanly furnished surgery. There was scarcely a patient worthy of the name on my books, and my little stock of savings was nearly exhausted. In fact, it began to look as if the medals and distinctions I had won at college and the "spital" were useless, for I had nearly made up my mind to abandon all hope of working up a practice in Dewhurst.

As I looked down the whole length of the High Street I saw one of the Pomeroy dogcarts turn the corner by the market place. It contained a groom, dressed in their well-known dark blue livery, and he drove the thoroughbred chestnut up the street at a splitting pace. To my surprise, he stopped at the door of my humble surgery, ordered a boy who was standing near to hold the horse, and sprang out.

"Will you please come up to the castle at once?" he said breathlessly. "The earl has cut his hand very badly."

I believe I went scarlet with astonishment.

"Dr. Thornton generally attends his lordship," I said with hesitation.

"Yes, sir," said the groom; "but the dowager countess has had some words with Mr. Thornton, and she particularly begs you will drive back with me."

A moment later I was seated in the dogcart, speeding away to the castle, not knowing that that simple summons to attend a wounded hand was to lead to the most extraordinary incident of my career.

I was received in the morning-room by the dowager countess, a woman of about forty years of age, who was still in possession of the wonderful beauty which had made her famous throughout Europe. I should mention that the present earl was her stepson. His young wife, a girl of about twenty, was in the room when I arrived, but she had very little to say, and I understood at a glance that the person to be conciliated was the dowager, who appeared to rule everybody. The conversation was of the ordinary type; the earl had wounded his hand somewhat severely with a hunting-knife. He was at present in the library, and they would like me to go there at once. I was about to leave the room, when the dowager called me back.

"There is one other little matter, Dr. Lightfoot," she said. "We very much fear that the earl's heart is seriously affected."

She stopped, and I looked properly sympathetic.

"Could you manage to make an examination without alarming him? He is very nervous, because heart disease is in the family."

I promised to do my best.

The earl received me most cordially. He was a man of about five-and-thirty, healthy and strong looking, though somewhat pale, the result of leading a studious life. The wound in his hand was not of much consequence, and within a quarter of an hour it was sewn up and bandaged. Then I approached the heart question, of course, very delicately. He laughed.

"I don't think there is anything the matter with my heart; but you are welcome to sound it, if it's only to please the ladies."

Now, if there is an organ which I profess to understand with some thoroughness, it is the heart. But I could find nothing in the world the matter with his. The action was somewhat weak, but that must be expected in a man who spends almost all this time in the library. So far as I could ascertain, there was not a trace of disease.

"There's no heart disease in our family," said the earl cheerily.

This was a direct contradiction of the dowager's words, but I had paid little attention to it at the time. Every doctor knows how unreliable patients are in their statements. There are some who take a delight in exaggerating every trifling ailment, there are others who take an equal delight in minimizing them. Before I left I had come to the conclusion that the earl was one of the best fellows I had met. There was not a scrap of affectation or nonsense about him.

His great hobby was sketching. I have never met a man with such remarkable talent. Every thought that passed through his mind seemed to be transferred to paper. For instance, while we were chatting he sketched my likeness. It was quite a little work of art, with the characteristic signature, "Pomeroy, December 20th, 1895."

"We are both students, Dr. Lightfoot," he said warmly, "and if we don't become very intimate, it will be your own fault. I am quite glad I cut my hand. It has been the means of introducing us."

That concluded my interview with the Earl of Pomeroy.

The same night, at ten o'clock, the dogcart again dashed up to my surgery. This time the groom was white with excitement.

"Come at once, sir," he said huskily.

"Is anything wrong?" I asked.

"The earl is dead!"

For a moment I gazed at him in stupefied silence. Dead? A man whom, only a few hours earlier, I had seen in the prime of life and in sound health! It seemed impossible.

"How did it happen?" I asked.

"His lordship went to the library after dinner, as usual. He fell asleep in his armchair before the fire—and—and about an hour ago the housekeeper found him, sir. He was dead!"

Tears were trickling down the man's face as he spoke. I felt that my medical knowledge must be in some way altogether at fault, but it was no time for idle conjecture. I sprang into the dogcart, and three-quarters of an hour later stood in the castle hall.

Everything was, of course, in confusion. The servants were horror-stricken. The young countess, overcome with grief, had been carried unconscious to her room. The only person who showed any nerve and presence of mind was the dowager. She looked pale, but cool and collected. In fact, she was one of those determined, strong-minded women who can face any emergency.

She led me at once to his bedroom, where he had been carried. I shall never forget the scene that followed. He lay on the bed, his face just as I had seen it in the morning, except that it was now pale and rigid.

"How is it, Dr. Lightfoot," she said sternly, "that when you saw the earl this morning you were not able to foresee this calamity?"

"I don't believe it was possible for any medical man to foresee it," I replied firmly.

"But I warned you that the earl suffered from his heart."

"I found nothing amiss with the earl."

"We hoped that in sending for you," she said bitterly, "we should have better advice than could be obtained from an old practitioner like Dr. Thornton. Evidently, our confidence was misplaced."

She swept contemptuously from the room, and left me there, feeling more perplexed than I have ever been before or since.

II.

I knew quite well that I was not in any sense of the word to blame for what had happened. The question was, ought I to grant a certificate? If I certified that the earl died of heart disease, I stultified myself. If I refused a certificate, a coroner's inquest would be required, and the whole countryside would be indignant at what they would call my clumsiness in not avoiding it. I was turning the position over in my mind, when the butler entered, begging me to go to the servants' hall, as the housekeeper had been taken ill.

It was she who found the earl dead in his chair. Fully two hours passed before I was able to leave her, and by that time it was nearly one o'clock.

When, at last, the butler conducted me from the housekeeper's room across the great corridor, it was only dimly lighted, but to our great surprise we saw a figure emerge from the library, and walk slowly and noiselessly across the corridor. It approached the door of the earl's bedroom, and then, turning round, looked at us. It was the white, stern, rigid face of Lord Pomeroy!

I heard the butler — a stern old Scotsman, who had been with the family since boyhood— whisper a prayer under his breath. I seized his arm.

"Come with me to the earl's bedroom," I said. "I shall want your help."

We entered the room, and found him lying just as I had seen him when the dowager countess took me into the room. But there was no change. The bunch of flowers which had been placed on his breast was lying on the ground.

I pointed this out in silence to the butler, who trembled violently, and for the first time showed signs of fear. Placing my fingers on the earl's heart, I felt after a moment a slight movement. He was alive!

I began to see there was something mysterious in the whole affair. Between us we applied restoratives until the faint gleam of life became more steady.

Seeing that there was no immediate danger, I decided to leave the butler with his master, while I visited the library. While still unconscious it was evident that Lord Pomeroy had visited that apartment. I was curious to know what had happened there.

I found the electric light burning brightly. He had switched it on on entering, just as he would have done in the ordinary way. Nothing was disarranged. I went across to his writing table, and there I found, perhaps, the most remarkable piece of evidence that ever fell into man's hand. It was half a sheet of note-paper, with three sketches drawn in the earl's masterly way. The first was a sketch of a little medical syringe, the second was a poppy—the opium plant; the third was a portrait — exact and unmistakable—a portrait of the Dowager Countess of Pomeroy.

I understood the meaning of it at once. To sketch whatever was in his mind was a kind of second nature to the earl; he would do it almost unconsciously. The meaning of his sketch was that somebody—the dowager countess — had used a syringe to inject a drug, and the drug was opium.

But the countess had made a miscalculation. She had injected sufficient opium to cause the appearance of death, but not sufficient to kill.

I could only marvel at the diabolical cunning of the woman who had attempted the crime. Her motive was clear — she wished to see one of her own children inherit the title and estates.

The method in which she had approached the crime was masterly in its long-sightedness. She first quarrelled with the family doctor; then, taking advantage of a trifling accident to the earl, she sent for a young and unknown practitioner, who would naturally be somewhat easily led away by anything that was said by such a great lady. Her design had been frustrated by the accident of my being detained in the house, for if in the morning she had seen signs of returning consciousness in the earl, she would, no doubt, have finished her work.

I had now two tasks before me — to restore the earl to health and to prevent a recurrence of an attempt on his life.

The first was comparatively easy. At the end of a couple of hours he was able to take nourishment, and his mind appeared quite clear, though, of course, he remembered nothing that had happened after the time he fell asleep in the library. I told him what had happened.

"But the matter must be hushed up, Lightfoot, for the sake of the family," he said eagerly.

"Quite so," I said; "but we must also take care that it does not happen again. I suggest that the dowager countess be sent for at once and confronted with you."

My plan was carried out, and succeeded better than I expected, instead of attempting to deny it, she entirely lost her self-possession, and, falling on her knees, begged forgiveness.

I pointed out that in remaining silent I was compounding a felony and jeopardizing my future career, so I insisted on the dowager countess retiring altogether from society, and living on her own property in the North of England.—London Answers.

Piles To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.
Dr. Chase's Ointment

PERSONAL POINTERS.

Notes of Interest About Some Leading People.

The aristocratic families are now vieing with each other in business enterprise. One of the latest recruits is Lady Aileen Wyndham-Quin, who is keen about violet farming, and has acres of almost every known variety in cultivation at Adare Manor, County Limerick.

The King of Portugal is an enthusiastic lawn-tennis player, and both the King and his brother, the Infante Don Alphonso, played for the South of Portugal against the North in the recent tournament at Cascaes for the challenge cup offered by the Queen of Portugal. The King plays a hard volleying game, with good judgment in placing, and can hold his own with the best players in Portugal.

Whilst Mr. Andrew Carnegie was struggling for wealth in his early days the only recreation he allowed himself was an occasional fishing expedition. Now that the wealth has come to him he is an ardent angler, and he has given orders for the building of salmon and trout hatcheries on the banks of the Evelix, about three miles from Skibo. His little daughter has already been taught the mysteries of fly-fishing, and is most enthusiastic at the sport.

The German Emperor is a great reader of Shakespeare, all of whose plays he has studied to such effect that he is able to quote at length from them. In his library are many valuable editions of Shakespeare's works, in German as well as in English. The Emperor's favorite play is "Hamlet."

The Archbishop of Canterbury thinks every boy should be able to do something with his hands. When he was a lad himself his father used to take him to a carpenter's shop every afternoon, and leave him there to learn the use of tools. To this day the Primate treasures a horseshoe which he himself made in a blacksmith's forge. In the days of his youth the Primate had quite a reputation as a plowman.

American millionaires and other wealthy men are not always idlers who seek their own amusement. Vanderbilt is the inventor of a boiler. Colonel J. Jacob Astor is an author and inventor of new machinery, including a turbine and road-cleaner. Mr. P. Cooper-Hewitt has recently devised a mercury vapor lamp, machines for making glue, and other novelties. Mr. D. W. Bishop has improved motor cars. Mr. Stokes has invented a game of "indoor-golf," and Mr. Dinsmore has patented a tyre-removing device.

Madame Nordica, who is once again in London, recently told an interviewer a humorous story. On one occasion, during a visit paid by the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg, when she lived at Clarence Gete, His Royal Highness asked for a glass of seltzer lemonade, which was ordered to be brought. The weather was very warm on that particular afternoon, and quite a long time elapsed before the drink came; in fact, the delay was such a lengthy one that even the Duke could not imagine what had happened. At length the door was flung open, and the butler, with an assistant waiter, entered in procession to serve the lemonade to the Royal guest. The cause of the delay, it was explained afterwards, was due to the anxiety of the servant to render all fitting homage to His Royal Highness, so he had gone in search of an extra man who was employed on all great occasions.

Luis Mazzantini, the noted Spanish bull fighter, has had a remarkable career. From the position of a railway porter he has become famous as the most successful and popular matador of Spain, and he numbers among his friends many of the leading people of that country. He left the Spanish railways to take up telegraphy, and afterwards began the study of law. Next he turned to the stage, where, however, progress was slow; so, possessing a fine physique and an attractive appearance, coupled with a keen eye, steady hand, and unflinching nerve, he was attracted to the bull ring, where his success has been phenomenal. While he has had some very narrow escapes, he has never lost a fight in the bull ring in Spain, France, or in Mexico and Central America, in all of which countries he is looked upon as the most foremost fighter of modern times.

About the ....House

COMPOTES.

The value of the compote as a delicate and delicious form of dessert has long been recognized abroad, but has but recently found extended favor here. It is generally served with boiled rice, toast rounds or stale sponge cake, and is easily prepared, appetizing and dainty. The bread used in compotes should be thoroughly dried before browning.

Many fruits can be used in combination. Bananas and oranges go well together, always using a little lemon with bananas, and having them slightly under-ripe. Peaches and plums go well together, also apricots and plums, strawberries and currants, quince and sweet apples, barberries and sweet or sour apples, pears and barberries, etc.

The foundation for all compotes is about the same—sugar and water in the proportion of one cup of sugar to one-half or one cup of water, depending upon the juiciness of the fruit to be used. Put the sugar and water with whatever flavoring is used into a clean saucepan, and cook until syrupy. When boiling drop the fruit in a few pieces at a time, so that it will not be crushed and "mussy." Cook until tender, but still firm enough to retain its shape. Remove the fruit with a skimmer, arranging the pieces in regular order, or in any way so that the effect is pleasing. Let the syrup boil down until thick, and strain over the fruit. Cool thoroughly before serving. For instance:

Apple Compote.—Make a syrup of one cup of sugar, one-half cupful of water. Flavor with two inches stick cinnamon and the thin rind of a half lemon. Pare and core the apples (sour ones cook more quickly than the sweet), then drop carefully in the hot syrup to harden the outer surface. Cover closely and cook very slowly until soft. If you use the chafing dish cook over hot-water pan. Serve on rounds of toast with plain whipped cream, filling the centre of the apples with bright yellow jelly or preserves if desired.

Fig Compote.—Cut one pound of figs in very small pieces. Have ready a syrup made of one pint of water and a half-pound of sugar. Add the figs, a couple of slices of lemon and a small piece of stick cinnamon. Cook slowly ten or fifteen minutes, stirring often toward the last to prevent burning. Pour into a dish to cool. When ready to use remove the lemon and cinnamon and serve with whipped cream sweetened and flavored with vanilla. Fig compote may be served in sobret glasses with the whipped cream on top.

Rhubarb Compote.—Cut fine red rhubarb into pieces about an inch and a half long. For each pound of fruit allow a pound of sugar. Put the sugar over the fire with about a cup of water, and the grated yellow rind of a lemon. Put the pieces of rhubarb in the boiling syrup, and let them simmer slowly until tender and transparent. Remove carefully, boil the syrup a few moments longer and pour over the rhubarb. This is nice for a simple dessert served with plain boiled rice.

Orange and Banana Compote.—For six bananas a little under-ripe make a syrup of one cup of sugar and a half-cup of water. Flavor with six whole cloves and one inch stick cinnamon. Boil eight minutes without stirring. Add the bananas and simmer, until they begin to clear. Put in the juice of two oranges, a half lemon and a half glass of sherry. Remove the cloves and cinnamon and serve on rounds of toast or sponge cake with whipped cream.

WORK IN THE SEWING ROOM.

The mother who has several little ones to clothe and does the sewing herself, seldom sees the time when she has no sewing or mending on hand. New dresses will usually be needed for best wear, and it is well to get enough extra material for a second pair of sleeves. Soft all-wool materials are best for children. It is quite a saving of time to make them in such a way that when you wish to use them for every-day it will be but little trouble to remove the trimming, leaving a plain dress.

Let the school dresses be simple, comfortable ones, but of good materials. Many woollen fabrics may be washed as nicely as calico if one is careful of them, and it is well to choose a style that is easy to iron. Nothing is better than the sailor suits, which are usually becoming and have the advantage of having no buttons in the back for the hair to catch on. The skirts may be gored or made of straight widths, plain and full. Full skirts look better on slender figures, wear well and are easily lengthened by letting out the hems when they become too short. If the crease at the lower edge shows when a skirt is lengthened cover it with braid, a bias piece of plaid, or some other trimming. Women's dress skirts and other garments that have been discarded by their owners may be taken apart, washed, pressed, and the best parts made into very satisfactory school dresses. Little girls are often dressed in made-over clothes without anyone suspecting that it was not new goods, for if the material is faded, it can be freshened and brightened by dyeing it.

It is just as easy to have stylish dresses as those that are not, if one has good patterns that fit nicely, and the children will like them better. Have a different pattern for each child, for they are not expensive, and it is better than enlarging or making it smaller. It is the fit and style rather than the expensive trimming that make a handsome garment.

As a change cannot be made abruptly from heavy winter underwear to the muslin garments needed in summer, it is well to make a supply of underwear of tennis flannel of moderate weight. It wears well, and is easily washed. If there are underskirts to be lengthened make a yoke that fits smoothly about the hips, cut the skirt from the old band or waist, gather the upper edge, and sew it to the yoke. Or if the mother has taken the precaution to run one or two tucks above the hem, they can be let out. If you have only one child white flannel is all right for skirts, but when the family is large the extra washing is too much for her to undertake.

CARPETS IN SUMMER.

The burden of the housekeeper who does all her own work in warm weather, is, at least, a heavy one, and unless she takes every precaution to save herself it will become at times almost unbearable. Of the duties this fall to her lot, few are more trying than sweeping heavy, dusty carpets on a warm day, and the question arises: Is it not better to discard the carpets during the summer months? Straw matting can be purchased for a trifle and it is certainly cleaner, cooler and more healthful than carpets. Nothing is more delightful in summer than bare floors with rugs. Many housekeepers will hold up their hands in horror at this, but once it has been tried they will change their opinion. Any floor that is in at all good condition may be made to look quite well by using the following preparation: Four ounces of gum shellac, one ounce gum benzoin, one ounce of gum mastic, one quart of alcohol. Dissolve thoroughly before using. If the floors are carefully cleaned, this polish will last for some time. Hardwood or polished floors of any kind are generally more injured by too much cleaning than by neglect. Never scrub or wash them with hot water and do not use soap. Ordinarily they may be cleaned by mopping with cool tepid water in which has been dissolved a liberal amount of borax. But if anything adhesive or difficult to remove has been spilled on the floor and left to dry, it may be necessary to use soap and warm water, but never have it boiling and keep a pail of cold water and a clean cloth at hand to rinse and dry immediately. A floor treated in this way will look quite well with a few bright rugs. It is a good idea to put away useless ornaments and furniture for the summer, also heavy curtains and drapery.

Ella—"Belle told me that you told her that secret I told you not to tell her." Stella—"She's a mean thing. I told her not to tell you I told her." Ella—"Well, I told her I wouldn't tell you she told me—so don't tell her I did."

They Refused Free Medicine.
Avoided the Lumberman's Hospital and Cured Themselves by Using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.
Lumbermen prove their confidence in Dr. Chase by buying his remedies and using them instead of the hospital treatment supplied them without cost. An interesting letter.
Mr. John L. Hickey, now caretaker of the Public and High Schools, Trenton, Ont., states:—"I have used Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and found them the greatest medicine I ever tried. I used them when in the lumber camps and believe by keeping the kidneys and bowels regular and the general health good that they protect a person from catching contagious diseases which are so common in the camps.
"I have seen hundreds of men using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills in the lumber camps. They buy them by the dozen when going in, and to show how much faith they have in them they buy them when they could get their medicine for nothing by going to the hospital camp. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills keep my liver, kidneys and bowels regular and my health good. I would not think of being without them."
Mr. John Orr, lumberman, Trenton, Ont., states:—"Through exposure to all sorts of weather in the lumber camp, and as a result of the strain of my work, I became a sufferer from kidney disease which in my case took the form of very severe pains across the back, over the kidneys and down the hips. When in the woods cutting down trees these pains would come on me with such force that I would have to give up work and return to camp, entirely used up.
"Finding that a number of the boys in camp used Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, I decided to try them, and did so with splendid results, as they thoroughly cured me. I feel like my old self again, and can work just as good as the next one. I am grateful for this cure, and honestly believe that Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are the greatest medicine there is for kidney disease."
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